WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

Snng by the celebrated Charles VIVIAN, at
Butler's American Theatre, 472 Broadway, New-York.

This life is a difficult riddle :
For, how many people we see
With faces as long as a fiddle,
That ought to look shining with glee ?
I am sure, in this world, there are plenty
Of good things enough for us all :
And yet there's not one out of twenty
But thinks that his share is too small.
Chorus : Then, what is the use of repining ?
For, where there's a will, there's a way
And to-morrow the sun may be shining,
Although it is cloudy to-day.

Did you never hear tell of the spider
That tried up the wall hard to climb ?
If not, just take that as a guider,
You'll find it will serve you, in time :
Nine times it tried hard to be mounting,
And every time it stuck fast ;
But it tried hard again, without counting,
And, of course, it succeeded, at last. Chorus.

Some grumble because they're not married,
And cannot procure a good wife ;
Whilst others they wish they had tarried,
And long for a bachelor's life.
To me it is very bewild'rin' :
Some grumble, it must be in fun,
Because they have too many children,
And others because they have none. Chorus.

Do you think that, by sitting and sighing,
You'll ever obtain all you want ?
It's cowards alone that are crying,
And foolishly saying : " I can't ! "
It's only by plodding and striving,
And labouring up the steep hill
Of life, that you'll ever be thriving,
Which you'll do, if you've only the will. Chorus.

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